

# Good Morning 71

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

## I get around

**A**LICE FAYE, whom I met in Hollywood before the war, always struck me as being not quite the type for filmdom's mad rush. The other day, in a letter, she confirmed this by saying that she had demanded, and got, a two-year break.

The two years, she says, will be spent in getting to know her baby, sleeping late in the morning, and taking care of Phil Harris, the dance band leader, who is her husband.

When she does go back she will have another demand to make of the studio. She is determined to play dramatic parts in addition to musicals.

It is possible, she added, that she might possibly cross the Pond for a short while.

Anybody want an escort job?

By **RONALD RICHARDS**

longed to a famous British family, had been cashiered from a "crack" British regiment over cheque trouble, had quit England "for ever," joined the Foreign Legion to end his life abroad.

When war came he wanted to fight for Britain, got himself transferred, and is now back in his old regiment under another name as a private.

On his first day's leave in London he found himself travelling next to probably the only man in Britain who knows his secret.

"Gee! I hope this steed doesn't let me down. He's carrying top weight, and the boy-friend has backed me to win."



"When Ah gits on ma steed, dem bo'-friends sho' knows Ah's on me high horse, and Ah gits around faster'n Ronald Richards."



**ALICE FAYE**

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**A**RACEGOER at Curragh was given 1,000 to one in pounds about an outsider named Eire at a summer meeting. The favourite was odds on, and, with twenty yards to go, second to Eire. The race finished with the favourite half a head in front.

Wouldn't you have thought that even a favourite would have been satisfied with second place under such circumstances?

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**"VACANCY** for assistant, male or female, in up-to-date dogs' beauty parlour, London. Knowledge of stripping an advantage, but not essential."

Believe it or not, this appeared in a London newspaper in the fourth year of war!

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**WITH** Gordon West, who writes Inside Information in a London newspaper, I was travelling northwards in the London Tube the other day.

West turned from me and spoke to a private soldier sitting next to him, and within a few minutes they were almost hugging each other.

The man was a character out of one of his books, "By Bus to the Sahara." In that book he recounts the story of a Britisher in the Foreign Legion he met while travelling in the Sahara just before the war. They foregathered, and West learned that the man, who be-

In this second chapter in the story of the Incredible Earl of Suffolk, Ronald Richards tells of the Earl's return to England after six years at sea, in the Australian backwoods in timber mills and on sheep farms.

★

### HOME AGAIN

**T**HE Earl of Suffolk arrived at his 10,000-acre estate and became the respectable Earl, and in 1934 he married Miss Mimi Crawford, the actress.

No bells rang out to welcome the bride, at the wedding no red carpet was laid for her feet, no music greeted her as she entered the church, there were no flowers on the altar, and she carried none.

There was no reception after the ceremony, and the Earl and Countess of Suffolk and Berkshire motored to their county seat in Wiltshire.

In 1935, the Earl, happily married and nearly thirty, decided to become a scientist, and he entered Edinburgh University to study. He took his degree as a Bachelor of Science with honours in pharmacology, and later practised scientific farming on an extensive and intensive scale in Wiltshire.

Later he joined the Nuffield Laboratory at Oxford to specialise in high explosives and poisons.

At the outbreak of war he volunteered for military service, but was rejected as unfit because of rheumatism. In October, 1939, however, he was offered an official post in Paris, and within a few days he was liaison officer between the British Ministry of Supply and the French Ministry of Armaments.

## THE INCREDIBLE EARL OF SUFFOLK

[PART TWO]

His likable mannerisms and his great knowledge of people and culture stood him in great stead, and he made a typically excellent job of it. Many of his greater achievements in this position were attributed to his capacity for being able to out-wine the wine-loving natives.

**Suffolk first went into action in the war in the spring of 1940, when a pro-Fascist newspaper viciously attacked him and advised him to get out of France.**

The literary attack was followed by an attempt on his life in a Paris back-street, and he decided that in future some precaution would have to be taken. His precautions were in the shape of a great ape of an ex-sailor and two large six-guns which he strapped on his chest and named "Oscar" and "Genevieve." He refused the offer of an official gendarme bodyguard, and frequently displayed his prowess with his guns in main Paris highways.

### State of chaos

The Germans broke through and France was in a state of chaos. The B.E.F. and French Army were retreating in disorder, and the evacuation to Britain was in progress. Parisians still would not believe that Paris could fall to the invaders, and they stayed on, drinking wine and fixing air raid shelters.

Suffolk saw the red light, and he strode into the office of the Minister of Armaments and requested a signature on the notepaper of the Ministry. He got it, and he went into action.

With a borrowed car, his bodyguard, his two guns, and the Minister's signature, he assembled the greatest collection of loot ever seen. He broke into jewellers' shops and asked the owners if they would like their property removed to England. If they refused, he took it.

He strode into banks with the same proposition, and if they

refused to open their vaults he blasted them open while his man held the staff at bay.

**From bank to jewellers' shop, from factory to Ministry, he raced in his high-powered car, collecting bonds, jewellery, machine specifications, research data, rare chemicals, and anything he considered valuable to his country. Material he couldn't bring away he destroyed, often in the view of the gesticulating owner.**

He listed everything he took and he gave his personal receipt to the owner. He completed his round-up before the Nazi hordes broke into the capital, and after depositing his treasure he again toured the city, this time to round up eminent scientists, doctors and ministers. He told them plans for their evacuation from Bordeaux were complete and it would be safer for them to evacuate. No such plans had been made, but Bordeaux was a long way off. Days and nights he toured the city of panic, which was crowded with refugees and strafed by the Luftwaffe, and finally, with his 28-year-old blonde secretary at his side, and his man perched on millions of pounds' worth of valuables in the back of the car, he set off for the coast.

### Nightmare

That journey was a nightmare. Through Orleans and Tours, along that highway of death and misery, he careered along, often having to stop and move weary or dead refugees from the road. The three took turns at sleeping and guarding as they travelled day and night through fear-crazed towns, across fields, and over blasted bridges.

When the enemy entered Paris and Quislings informed them of Suffolk's activities, special search parties were dispatched with orders to get him at any price, dead or alive. To avoid these patrols, he had to leave the main roads and take to secondary highways,

which frequently were barred by overturned carts and road blocks.

Four days of nightmare brought him to Bordeaux, and he immediately sought the British Consul.

### City of horrors

The official was unable to make any provision for sleep for Suffolk and his two assistants, so he found a cul-de-sac and they went to sleep.

**He awakened to find a city of horror. The population was trebled by evacuees anxious to get to England, and British and French troops. Food and water were scarce, hundreds of thousands were sleeping and washing in the gutters—squabbles frequently developed into free-for-all fights, and General Maxime Weygand found it impossible to restore order.**

It was to this almost anti-British little man that Suffolk fought his way, with the idea of getting co-operation for his plan, but their mistrust was mutual and Weygand proved a hindrance. He told the General what he thought of him, and he concluded by blowing him a raspberry, a thing he said he had never done before. The reason for that discourtesy, he explained, was because the General remarked, "I would rather have Hitlerism than French Socialism in my country."

Suffolk, when he realised any official help was out of the question, changed his name to "Charles Henri," and, leaving his assistants to guard the treasure and group of evacuees he intended bringing to Britain, searched the docks for a likely vessel. Nothing could be found, so he returned to the Consul and got a thousand pounds in cash. Re-equipped with this money that meant nothing when lives were ten a penny, he made more frantic and fruitless efforts.

By this time the Germans were within ninety miles of

Bordeaux and the town was even more panicky. When, after four days, he almost gave up through utter fatigue, his heart thumped madly at the sight of a small steamer nonchalantly steaming into the harbour.

When the crew landed, he approached them, filled them with wine, and told them the Germans were at the gates of the city. They mostly passed out, and he had them put aboard their ship.

He found his assistants, and after rounding up the doctors and scientists, he loaded the ship with his treasure, armed her with small arms from the docks, and prepared to put to sea.

(To be continued)



The Earl and Countess of Suffolk after their wedding.



# Periscope Page

## WANGLING WORDS—33

1. Put the same two letters, in the same order, before and after the letters GLIC, and make a word.

2. Here are six short words: QUOITS, STEAM, CLUB, RUE, CRANE, THY. Divide them up into pairs so that the letters in each pair, when rearranged, will make the name of a precious stone.

3. Can you change CROW into ROOK, altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration? Change in the same way: WOOD into FIRE, BOWL into PIPE, BEEF into STEW.

4. How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from the word SPECIFICALLY?

### Answer to Wangling Words—No. 32

1. TOMATO.  
2. RED and LAME make EMERALD.

RAG and TEN make GAR-NET.

HIP and PEARS make SAPPHIRE.

3. ROOT, SOOT, SPOT, SPIT, SLIT, SLID, SLED, SEED.

DARK, DANK, RANK, RINK, PINK, PINE, PILE, PALE.

GIVE, LIVE, LIKE, LAKE, TAKE, HAKE, HAVE.

STARE, STARS, SOARS, SOAPS, SLAPS, CLAPS, GLASS.

4. Simon, Moors, Rooms, Soups, Roans, Snoop, Paris, Ruins, etc.

### Who is it?

He wore a cap with ear-flaps, smoked strong tobacco, played the fiddle, practised revolver shooting in his sitting-room, was friendly with a doctor, and took cocaine. Later he kept bees. Who was he?

# Today's Brains Trust

## QUIZ for today



1. What is a pastern?
2. Who wrote (a) "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," (b) "Mr. Britling Sees It Through," (c) "The Old Wives' Tale"?
3. One of these words is not in the Bible; which is it: Rainbow, Storm, Wind, Frost, Snow, Hail, Thunder, Lightning?
4. What is dowlas?
5. Between which two of the Great Lakes is Niagara Falls?
6. What is a group of lions called?
7. What is meant by pandiculation?
8. What are the floral emblems of (a) Canada, (b) France?
9. In what book will you find the Big-Endians and Little-Endians?
10. What do these Roman numerals stand for: MDCCCCLXIII?
11. In what year did Canada become a British possession?
12. How many (a) barrels, (b) gallons, are there in a butt of ale?

### Answers to Quiz in No. 70

1. (a) The third division of a cow's stomach, (b) a musical instrument, (c) a book of psalms.
2. (a) Sheridan, (b) Matthew Arnold.
3. Shilling.
4. On the left, leaving him free to salute with his right hand.
5. (a) The Patagonians, averaging 6ft. 4in., (b) the Central African pygmies, averaging 4ft. 6in.
6. A pace of asses.
7. One mile 1,007 yards.
8. (a) A dance, (b) an edible fungus.
9. Nine gallons.
10. Twenty.
11. (a) Santiago, (b) Quito.
12. (a) The dried kernel of coconuts, (b) the fibrous husk of coconuts.

### An Invitation to all Submariners

Make this your own newspaper by sending us the address of your wife, your mother, your girl-friend, so that we may photograph them and publish their pictures and greetings in these pages. Address on back page.

—THE EDITOR.

AROUND the discussion table to-day we have an eminent philosopher, a professor of biology, a psychologist, and a Harley Street doctor. Mr. Everyman, of course, is present, and the question which has been put to the company is: "What is materialism, and is it true that it has now been 'exploded'?"

**Philosopher:** "Materialism is the theory that the universe, and all that it contains, consists of nothing else but matter. Even living things are just mechanisms, and the thoughts and fancies of human beings are no less mechanistic than rainbows and sunsets. They are all just physical phenomena. In other words, absolutely every event in the universe is an effect which follows of necessity from a material cause. Nothing happens 'freely'; everything is determined by the law of cause and effect, even our own thoughts."

**Psychologist:** "To the thorough-going materialist, our minds are just an illusion. All our thinking consists in movements of particles in our brains, and these movements are determined by mechanical and chemical conditions only. That is thorough-going materialism, and though it had a great following at the end of the last century, it has since been found deficient in many ways. It cannot, for instance, be made to account satisfactorily for our sense of beauty, goodness and truth. Psychologists have attempted to explain these things by reference to their prehistoric origins, but references to origins do not explain anything. Thus, the explanation of conscience as the outcome of primitive taboos against actions which endangered, or were bad for, society, does not really explain why primitive man felt it necessary to concern himself with society. Such explanations only put the problem further back."

"Again, mathematics may have originated in a cave-man's counting his fingers and toes, but mathematics today signifies a very great deal more than the number of a

man's fingers and toes. The reference to origins does not disprove the modern claim that mathematics has a much wider, but equally real, meaning."

**Biologist:** "The discovery of evolution by Darwin, Wallace and others did much to further the cause of materialism. Since their day a great deal of detail has been worked out concerning the way in which evolution works, and it certainly looks as if the evolution of life and living creatures has followed strictly mechanical, though highly complicated, laws. The old notion of creation seems to have been merely a confession of ignorance. It is not even any longer necessary to invoke supernatural agencies to explain life. Materialists, at any rate, have no difficulty in imagining a chemical origin of the phenomenon known as life."

**Doctor:** "As far as the human body is concerned, much that was once mysterious has recently been explained. The body is being discovered as an intricate mechanism whose parts are mutually dependent on one another. But materialism seems incapable of explaining the process of reproduction and many of the phenomena relating to the grafting of one part of the body on to another. While it seems necessary to admit that life itself is not a form of matter, but only 'inhabits' it, there is in America a piece of living tissue taken from a chicken thirty or more years ago which has been kept in the living state by mechanical means."

**Mr. Everyman:** "I take it that materialism does not explain everything, but that that may only be due to our present state of ignorance. When we have more knowledge, we may find that materialism is equal to tackling all the problems that arise. Isn't it too soon to say that it is 'exploded'?"

**Philosopher:** "No. Materialism is certainly 'exploded,' at least in the sense that it can be shown that it does not really explain anything, and that it cannot possibly be 'true.' If materialism provided a correct account of Nature, it would place our thoughts on a level with all the other happenings in the material universe. That is to say, our thoughts should be written off as mere facts in themselves, like the fact that bees fly, and that would be the end of their significance."

"A bee's flight is just a fact, a case of causes and effects, and it cannot in any sense be said to be 'true' or 'false.' And if materialism were correct, our thoughts would also be cases of mechanical cause and effect. They could be recorded as bare facts—occurrences in human heads—but they could not in any sense be said to be 'true' or 'false.' Now, the theory of materialism itself consists of thoughts in people's heads, and therefore it cannot possibly be 'true.' If to materialists it seems to be true, that seeming also is utterly without significance. It is a mere happening in their heads. Thus, thorough-going materialism at last cuts its own throat, and cannot be maintained by anybody who is himself a materialist. It is, therefore, 'exploded,' and nobody is ever likely to find a way out of that difficulty."

The question for the next session of the Brains Trust is, "Shall we ever inhabit the other planets in the solar system?" They will be asked to ignore the particular problem of getting to the planets, and to discuss the probable conditions holding in other worlds, and what it would be like to live on them.

### Answer to Puzzle in No. 70

1, Cabbage. 2, Radishes. 3, Pumpkins. 4, Shallots. 5, Broccoli. 6, Borecole. 7, Parsnips. 8, Brussels.

## ROUND THE WORLD with our Roving Cameraman



### CONVOY IN PERSIA.

Although the airplane has come to Persia in this war, the old method of transport still goes on in the outlying district. Across the plains, much in the same method as Marco Polo travelled, do these overloaded four-span horse-wagons move with the slow but sure movement of the age. Fringes hang over the horses' faces as a protection against insects, bells tinkle from the horses' necks, and thus supplies are brought over the hills and plains to the capital—one of the oldest but important convoys in the world.

struggled against them manfully, well knowing our only hope lay in advancing.

Towards sunset we halted at a spot where we made preparations for passing the night.

Here we constructed a hut, in much the same way as before, and crawling into it, endeavoured to forget our sufferings. My companion, I believe, slept pretty soundly; but at daybreak, when we rolled out of our dwelling, I felt nearly disqualified for any further efforts.

Toby prescribed as a remedy for my illness the contents of one of our little silk packages, to be taken at once in a single dose. To this species of medical treatment, however, I would by no means accede, much as he insisted upon it; and so we partook of our usual morsel, and silently resumed our journey.

Continued on Page 3.

## JANE



### By HERMAN MELVILLE

"AMEN to all that, and much more," shouted Toby, rushing forward; "but Happar it is, for nothing else than Happar can it be. So glorious a valley—such forests of bread-fruit trees—such groves of cocoa-nut—such wildernesses of guava-bushes! Ah, ship-mate! don't linger behind; in the name of all delightful fruits, I am dying to be at them. Come on, come on; shove ahead, there's a lively lad; never mind the rocks; kick them out of the way, as I do; and to-morrow, old fellow, take my word for it, we shall be in clover. Come on"; and so saying, he dashed along the ravine like a madman, forgetting my inability to keep up with him.

In a few minutes, however, the exuberance of his spirits abated, and, pausing for awhile, he permitted me to overtake him.

The fearless confidence of Toby was contagious, and I began to adopt the Happar side of the question. I could not, however, overcome a certain feeling of trepidation, as we made our way along these gloomy solitudes. Our progress, at first comparatively easy, became more and more difficult.

The bed of the watercourse was covered with fragments of broken

rocks, which had fallen from above, offering so many obstructions to the course of the rapid stream, which vexed and fretted about them, forming at intervals small waterfalls, pouring over into deep basins, or splashing wildly upon heaps of stones.

From the narrowness of the gorge, and the steepness of its sides, there was no mode of advancing but by wading through the water; stumbling every moment over the impediments which lay hidden under its surface, or tripping against the huge roots of trees.

But the most annoying hindrance we encountered was from a multitude of crooked boughs, which, shooting out almost horizontally from the sides of the chasm, twisted themselves together in fantastic masses almost to the surface of the stream, affording us no passage except under the low arches which they formed.

Under these we were obliged to crawl on our hands and feet, sliding along the oozy surface of the rocks, or slipping into the deep pools, and with scarce light

enough to guide us. Occasionally we would strike our heads against some projecting limb of a tree; and while imprudently engaged in rubbing the injured part, would fall sprawling amongst flinty fragments, cutting and bruising ourselves, whilst the unpitying waters flowed over our prostrate bodies. But we



## Beelzebub Jones



## Belinda



## Popeye



## Ruggles



## TYPEE

Continued from Page 2.

It was now the fourth day since we left Nukuheva, and the gnawings of hunger became painfully acute. We were fain to pacify them by chewing the tender bark of roots and twigs, which, if they did not afford us nourishment, were at least sweet and pleasant to the taste.

It was somewhere near this part of the day that the noise of falling waters, which we had faintly caught in the early morning, became more distinct; and it was not long before we were arrested by a rocky precipice of nearly a hundred feet in depth, that extended all across the channel, and over which the wild stream poured in an unbroken leap.

On either hand the walls of the ravine presented their overhanging sides both above and below the fall, affording no means whatever of avoiding the cataract by taking a circuit round it.

"What's to be done now, Toby?" said I.

"Why," rejoined he, "as we cannot retreat, I suppose we must keep shoving along."

"Very true, my dear Toby; but how do you purpose accomplishing that desirable object?"

"By jumping from the top of the fall, if there be no other way," unhesitatingly replied my companion; "it will be much the quickest way of descent; but as you are not quite as active as I am, we will try some other way."

And so saying, he crept cautiously along and peered over into the abyss, while I remained wondering by what possible means we could overcome this apparently insuperable obstruction. As soon as my companion had completed his survey, I eagerly inquired the result.

"The result of my observations you wish to know, do you?" began Toby, deliberately, with one of his odd looks: "well, my lad, the result of my observations is very quickly imparted. It is at present uncertain which of our two necks will have the honour to be broken first; but about a hundred to one

would be a fair bet in favour of the man who takes the first jump."

"Then it is an impossible thing, is it?" inquired I, gloomily.

"No, shipmate; on the contrary, it is the easiest thing in life: the only awkward point is the sort of usage which our unhappy limbs may receive when we arrive at the bottom, and what sort of travelling trim we shall be in afterwards. But follow me now, and I will show you the only chance we have."

With this he conducted me to the verge of the cataract, and pointed along the side of the ravine to a number of curious-looking roots, some three or four inches in thickness, and several feet long, which, after twisting among the fissures of the rock, shot perpendicularly from it, and ran tapering to a point in the air, hanging over the gulf like so many dark icicles.

Toby's scheme, and it was a desperate one, was to entrust ourselves to these treacherous-looking roots, and by slipping down from one to another to gain the bottom.

"Are you ready to venture it?" asked Toby, looking at me earnestly, but without saying a word as to the practicability of the plan.

"I am," was my reply; for I saw it was our only resource if we

wished to advance, and as for retreating, all thoughts of that sort had been long abandoned.

After I had signified my assent, Toby, without uttering a single word, crawled along the dripping ledge until he gained a point from whence he could just reach one of the largest of the pendant roots; he shook it—it quivered in his grasp, and when he let it go, it twanged in the air like a strong wire sharply struck.

Satisfied by his scrutiny, my light-limbed companion swung himself nimbly upon it, and twisting his legs round it in sailor fashion, slipped down eight or ten feet, where his weight gave it a motion not unlike that of a pendulum.

He could not venture to descend any farther; so holding on with one hand, he with the other shook one by one all the slender roots around him, and at last, finding one which he thought trustworthy, shifted himself to it and continued his downward progress.

(Continued to-morrow)

Answer to Who Is It  
SHERLOCK HOLMES.

## £1,000,000 in prize money

By RONALD GARTH

YES, I thought that would catch your eye. And it's true all right. £1,000,000 has been going begging for years—in prizes nobody can win.

Twenty-five years ago, Prof. Paul Wolfskehl left £50,000 to anyone who could solve the "theorem of Fermat." It hadn't been solved in three centuries.

Pierre de Fermat, a French mathematician, evolved the riddle. Since the last war over 25,000 solutions have been submitted, and all have proved incorrect.

It's money going begging. Five years have passed, too, since Wilbur Glenn offered £1,000 to anyone who can prove that the earth is round.

At Zion City, Illinois, Wilbur heads a religious movement of 6,000 devotees who believe that the world is flat. If the world were not flat, they maintain, an aeroplane would have to drop 60,000 feet every hour to maintain a constant level. Since all standing water is level, they argue, and the seas connected by the Suez Canal show only six inches difference in level, the earth must be flat.

## OFFER TO SURVEYORS.

What is more, they offer £100 to any surveyor who can prove that he makes any allowance for the curvature of the earth when lining up distant objects through his theodolite.

Dr. W. S. Mansfield proved some people can't be convinced when he stipulated his own prize, and wrote to the then Archbishop of Canterbury offering "the secret of the world" at a price of £50,000.

It was authentic, he declared, and had been revealed to him by an angel in a dream. His offer was refused, and his undivulged secret died with him.

Through the French Academy of Science, £10,000, with compound interest, has been awaiting the first person to signal the stars and receive a reply.

## BUT NOT MARS.

Only the planet Mars is excluded, but the prize has been on offer for fifty years without finding a winner.

Cranks who insist that they have communicated with other worlds have, of course, applied by the thousand. Not one has ever convinced the scientists.

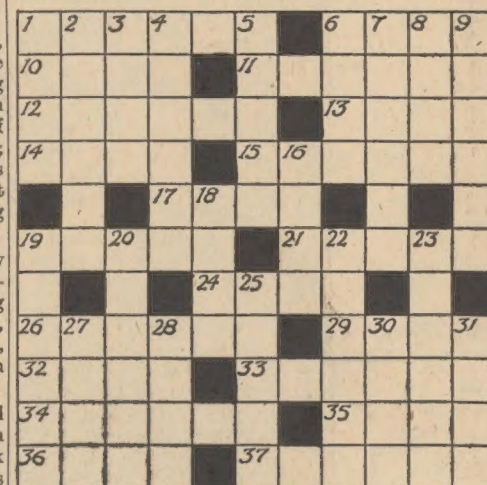
When a wealthy widow, Mme. Guzman, left her fortune as a Planet Prize, the dignified Academy at first refused to accept it. Then the members decided they could not tell what was possible or impossible in the realm of science. To this day, to prevent the bequest becoming too unwieldy, the interest is handed over every five years to the most deserving astronomer of the period.

The Swiss Bureau de Repartition, similarly, has vainly offered £5,000 to anyone suggesting a peaceable means of using up 235,000lbs. of quicksilver a year.

The quicksilver accumulated after the last war. In this war, obvious complications forbid its sale, as the quicksilver £5,000 can only be won by pacific proposals.

Then, for "consolation prizes," as you might say, a London store has a standing offer of £10 to anyone detecting an error in its adverts. Won from time to time, it remains on offer. The last winner spotted that a cakestand advertised as china was really earthenware. Sorry we carry no ads., boys!

## CROSSWORD CORNER



## CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Sort of cinnamon.
- 6 Swabs.
- 10 Warwickshire river.
- 11 Throw water over.
- 12 Tell.
- 13 Knock-out.
- 14 Rigid support.
- 15 Flattened cloth folds.
- 17 Head.
- 19 Gem.
- 21 Leading.
- 24 Nickel coin.
- 26 Go by.
- 29 Slight blows.
- 32 Prudent.
- 33 Flower girl.
- 34 Develop.
- 35 Facts and tradition.
- 36 Surface impression.
- 37 Save.

Solution to Yesterday's Problem.

BRISK WAFER  
LONE REMOVE  
ABEAM TARES  
REPLAY ZERO  
E TENURES R  
N DALE TIT  
ROD GEAR C  
ERODE DORIS  
IMMURE PICK  
NAME NEEDLE  
SLATED SEED

## CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Fresh-water fish.
- 2 Unwilling.
- 3 Unaccompanied.
- 4 Crisp.
- 5 Expert.
- 6 Reflect.
- 7 Series of notes.
- 8 Explosive sound.
- 9 Felt aware.
- 16 Meagre.
- 18 Unfortunately.
- 19 Concoced.
- 20 Justification.
- 22 Boy's name.
- 23 Unit of current.
- 25 Not at all.
- 27 Full of energy.
- 28 Skin.
- 30 Spiky-flowered plant.
- 31 Check.



# Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"  
C/o Press Division,  
Admiralty,  
London, S.W.1.

THE MAN  
WHO COULD  
NOT WAIT

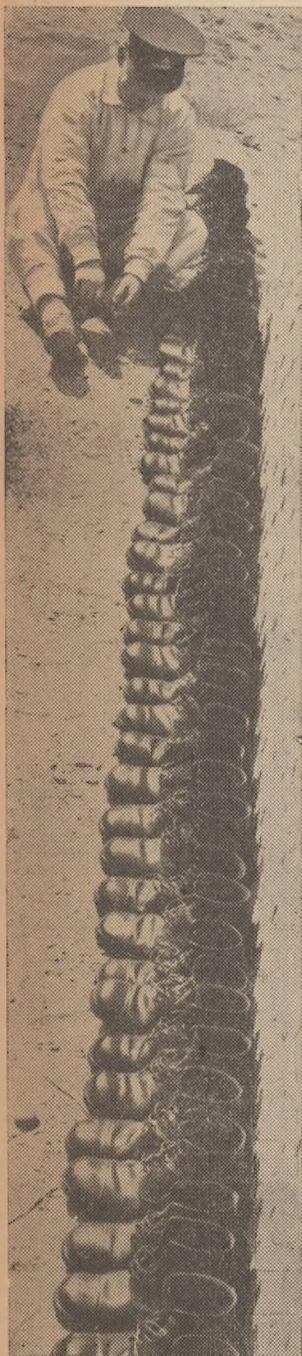


"If you won't give me the right answer, I'm going home."



# LAMOUR

"And did you wonder for a moment? Haven't you seen the glamorous Dorothy in just such alluring garb many times before? Makes you wish you were in the South Pacific and might meet 'Aloma of the South Seas'—which part she plays in Paramount's technicolour sensation of the screen."



"Now, what was the number of his room? That's the worst of being boot-boy in your youth. Must be sole-destroying, especially when the boots are all one size and all one pattern, as is the case above."



# This England

A peep between the blossom reveals this fifteenth-century cottage, in a truly fifteenth-century setting. It is now used as a cafe, but should you happen to be spending a spot of leave near Whippsnade, Beds., call in and have a cup of tea.

## SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

I can't wait either—  
goin' to meet a  
"Yes-girl."

